

# Arlington



# Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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## Fortune's Field.

He who gambles all the time,  
Who will make no strong endeavor,  
O'er life's obstacles to climb,  
And remains an idler ever,  
Never on his brow shall wear  
Fortune's laurels rich and fair.

"What am I?" Thus does he sigh.  
"What am I? Long I've been hoping  
I might catch luck passing by."  
Ah, deceived man! lazy moping  
Catches nothing fit to own—  
That is caught by work alone.

Th' eagle soaring in the sky  
Far away from earth's dominion,  
Braves the sun with steady eye,  
Borne on ever active pinion;  
Once his wings are closed in rest  
Down he falls to earth's green breast.

Does the fisherman remain  
In his cottage by the billows,  
Sleeping on through sun and rain,  
Courting dreams on pleasant pillows,  
When he seeks to fill his nets?  
O no! that would bring regrets.

In his trusty boat, oft-tried,  
Pulling at the oars, behold him,  
When the sunrise paints the tide,  
Till the twilight shades enfold him;  
All the bright hours of the day  
He is pulling on his way.

On his way till he beholds  
In his net the harvest fished for;  
To his heart the blessings wished for;  
On his way until the prize  
He has sought beside him lies.

So must he strong effort make—  
Earnest from its first beginning—  
Who would compensations take  
That are really worth the winning;  
Only seeds of labor yield  
Riches—crops in Fortune's Field.

## DAN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

The queerest fellow, without exception, in all Wexford, was Daniel Batter. He was sixteen years of age, yet he had the reputation of possessing as much knowledge about odd and out-of-the-way things as any ten average lads. He was believed to have an intimate acquaintance with every trout in the streams and every bird in the woods and every rabbit in the burrows. He had the largest collection of birds' eggs to be found in the country; and it was reported and solemnly believed by all the small boys in the neighborhood that he had a secret understanding with the king-fishers and orioles by which they agreed to surrender an egg of each litter to him in consideration of his promise to let all others alone.

He was always taking up some new idea to work out. If he did not know all about many things, he really seemed to know little about everything. He knew how to print, how to bleed a horse, how to use a telegraph instrument, how to cultivate silk worms, how to make the most outrageous noise with his hands, how to grow pears, how to play checkers with his eyes shut, and in short, he knew how to do nearly everything that came in his way to learn.

One day the neighbors opened their eyes and pricked up their ears at the news that Dan had taken up photography; not that they were astonished at anything that Dan did, but they were interested in his enterprise, though regarding it simply as another freak of his curious genius.

"Well, well," said they, shrugging their shoulders, "Dan is an old stick. It's about time he went into something useful. Photographs, eh?"

The report was true. Dan had obtained a camera of good size, and was experimenting with it up in his "den," in one end of his mother's garret.

It would be hard to imagine a more untidy, chaotic-looking place than Dan's "den." It was full of bottles, old clothes, jars, bits of machinery, musical instruments, carpenter's tools, old maps, torn pictures, pots of paint and chemicals, fragments of old machines, stuffed birds, etc., and it smelled so fearfully that no one but Dan could ever stay long enough to make an inventory of all the contents.

Dan was an odd-looking character as one would be likely to see in a year's travel. He was thin and lank in the body and legs. His head was large, and he had light blue eyes and long, whitish hair, which he rarely combed, and which straggled about all over his head, as if the rats had made nests in it the last time he slept.

He was not much of a talker. He generally kept silent and stared. Nobody knew what a amount of thinking he did meanwhile, and in fact many who had laughed at his greenness had to confess afterwards that he not only saw all things that were going on, but knew more about what he saw than the smartest of them.

Dan went on with his photographing for several weeks. He learned to take very good pictures, but he was far from satisfied. His fingers were always

stained black and brown with acids that he could not wash off, and his clothing gave out a peculiar scent of collodion.

Dan's mother began to be really anxious. The boy was growing up a loose Jack-of-all-trades, but without any particular turn for one profitable calling. It was necessary that he should choose some single business and stick to it. She took the boy in hand and expostulated with him. Dan looked distressed.

"I'm trying to do something, mother; I've just got hold of it now, I guess. I only want a little more time."

This was about as long a speech as Dan was in the habit of making at one time. His mother was pacified, and for the present let him alone.

Two or three more weeks slipped by. Dan made pictures of everybody he could get before his camera. He photographed his den and all his miscellaneous trumpery. He photographed buildings, fences and trees.

Still he did not succeed to his mind. His pictures still lacked the peculiar shading or "tone" that he wanted. His dream was to achieve this, which he believed would not only make them beautiful, but give him a large and profitable custom.

He labored incessantly, now trying this plan, now trying that, but without any perfect result.

In the course of his experiments out of his garret window Dan made street pictures of people, both near and remote, in divers attitudes, and at nearly all hours of the day. Dan took them in single figures and in groups; he took them looking up and looking down, making gestures or sitting still; he took them as they stood in a window, and as they walked below him or rode past in carriages. Many of the photographs were good, but still the subtle finish was wanting. Dan could not realize his dream.

"Young man, do you know anything about this case?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dan, slowly! "I know—"

"I don't want to know that yet," interrupted the judge. "Come this way, my boy."

The shrewd magistrate knew the youngster well enough to surmise that he would neither care nor dare to be fooling at such a time.

Dan all stained and spotted, picked his way out of the crowd and walked forward to the bench. A curious spectacle he was, with his uncouth form and dress, and his mass of white hair.

The judge leaned forward and said something to him in a very low tone, and then Dan whispered back to the judge. Soon the people saw the judge smile and nod his head.

"Ah," said they one to another, "our Dan has turned up something new. It's just like him."

Their surmise was turned to certainty when the judge announced, "This young man will produce important evidence for the defence."

Dan made his way out of the courtroom and disappeared. In ten minutes he came back again breathless. He had never been known to run before.

In his hand he held a paper as large as the cover of a geography. This he handed to the judge. He looked at it curiously then at the prisoner. In a moment he said:

"Clerk, administer the oath to this boy."

Dan was sworn.

I cannot repeat his testimony here, but be sure it was droll worded and disjointed enough. It made everybody laugh, even while it interested them profoundly. The substance of it was that on the day when the forged check was passed he was taking photographs between the hours of 12 m. and 3 p. m.

Among other pictures he made one of a man standing in the window of a building on the opposite side of the street. The man that he photographed was the prisoner at the bar.

Immediately there was a general buzz in the court-room. The prisoner's pale face flushed, and he gazed upon Dan with a look of joyful gratitude.

But there was still a very important question to be settled.

"At what time, exactly, was the photograph taken?"

Dan took the picture and looked at it closely.

"There's the clock on St. Luke's church up in the corner," said he, pointing to the place, and handing the picture to the judge.

"By the dial here," said the judge, "it was just one o'clock at the instant when the picture was taken."

The jury and the counsel now examined the photograph minutely. It could not be disputed; there was the identical man, and therefore he was not in the bank at the moment when the forged check was passed.

The teller was once more placed upon the stand. He was confused by the evidence he had heard, and was by no

means as positive as he was before. At last he reluctantly admitted that he might be laboring under a mistake. And upon that he retired into the crowd with an appearance of great chagrin.

Dan's triumph was complete. He was a hero. People forgot his strange dress and his wild-looking head, and actually "lionized" him. The prisoner was discharged. He instantly went to Dan, and seizing both of his hands, exclaimed:

"You have saved me. You shall have anything you want. I cannot do enough to show you my gratitude."

From that moment Dan's star began to rise. He had money to continue his experiments, and he eventually discovered a process by which he succeeded in obtaining the richest and most durable photographs that are now taken in Wexford. He still keeps the old camera that made his fortune.

## Great Fires of the World.

The great fire of London, in 1666, burnt for three days, destroying 13,200 houses, including many fine public buildings. The loss by this fire, if computed by present values, would amount to at least one hundred million dollars. The city of New York has suffered by at least three great fires. One in 1835 destroyed 600 warehouses, which together with contents were worth \$20,000,000. Another in 1839 destroyed property to the amount of \$10,000,000; and a third in 1845 destroyed 300 stores and dwellings, valued at \$6,000,000. Charleston in 1838 suffered by a fire which destroyed 1,158 buildings, covering 145 acres. Pittsburgh, in 1845, lost by fire 1,000 buildings, valued at \$6,000,000. Albany, N. Y., some years since lost in steamboats and buildings \$3,000,000. St. Louis, in 1849, lost \$3,000,000 in steamboats and buildings. Philadelphia, in 1858, lost 300 houses. In 1845 two-thirds of the city of Quebec, comprising 2,800 houses, were swept away by fire. The city of St. John's, Newfoundland, repeatedly damaged by fire, was nearly all destroyed in 1846, when 6,000 people were rendered homeless. Troy, N. Y., suffered severely in 1862. Portland, Me., in 1866, lost \$9,000,000 including the loss of 1,600 buildings. Chicago, in 1871, and Boston, in 1872, were devastated to the extent of more than \$200,000,000; and quite recently a devastating fire has almost entirely destroyed the city of St. John, N. B. But these marked fires do not alone measure the work of destruction; much is due to the smaller fires, which make up by their frequency what they lack in proportions. Constantly at work, little by little, year by year, the aggregate of ruin they accomplish is fearful.

A record kept by the New York *Insurance Chronicle* shows that the loss by fire in the United States and Canada in 1876 was \$75,000,000, and in the previous year it was \$86,000,000. This record is trustworthy, as far as it goes; but it is asserted by competent authority that the loss during the last ten years has not been less than \$100,000,000 per annum, not including the two extraordinary fires of Chicago and Boston.

## An Astonished Household.

An express team got frightened at something, while going down Washington street, Peoria, Ill., toward the depot, one night recently. They became unmanageable and ran on the sidewalk in front of Henry Kauper's residence, 529 Washington street. They did not stop on the sidewalk, however, but went bang against the house, the horses' heads going through a window, and knocking the lower sash into the room; while the wagon tongue tore a hole through the weather boarding and plastering and upset the supper table, which was covered with dishes and eatables. The sight of the dishes and window sash flying about the room, and the table turning a somersault, while two horses' heads, quivering and snorting, appeared directly over the spot where the peaceful evening meal was spread but a moment before, was a decided sensation, and an earthquake could not have been more surprising to the family.

## A Paris Nap.

It is dangerous to take a nap in Paris, for before a man wakes up he may be hustled under ground. A fortnight ago a man who had an abundance of leisure fell asleep one day, and his friends supposed that he was dead. A funeral was ordered and cards were sent out, but while the undertaker was fumbling with the screws and one of the relatives was stooping to give the pale face of the corpse a last caress, lo! there was breath and warmth in the lips. The coffin was removed and the corpse tucked into a warm bed; and three days afterward the slumberous man of leisure opened his eyes, stretched his arms and murmured, "What a good nap that was!"

## Debts of Cities.

Before the Boston Social Science Association Robert P. Porter of Chicago recently read a paper on "Municipal Indebtedness." In it he gave the debt of 130 cities in the United States as \$221,312,000 in 1866, and \$644,378,663 in 1876.

The assessed value of the property

in 1866, \$3,451,619,381, and in

1876, \$6,175,082,158. Annual taxation in 1866, \$64,060,098; in 1876, \$112,711,275.

Population, 5,919,914 in 1866, and 8,576,249 in 1876.

This shows a total increase of

\$42,000,000. With these facts

staring us in the face it is not an exaggerated statement to say that the cities

in the United States have to-day a debt

of \$1,000,000,000, half the sum of the

national debt, and an additional expendi-

ture of \$220,000,000, within \$40,000,

000 of the national expenses. The lia-

bilities are increasing at the rate of \$50,

000,000 yearly, involving an additional

charge of \$3,000,000 upon the taxpayers.

Allowing for the great shrinkage in

values, and continued depression in

business, we find that the property of

taxpayers has already been actually

mortgaged for fifteen per cent. of its

value; and as this debt has increased at

the rate of \$42,000,000 yearly, the mort-

gages will continue to increase at the

rate of one per cent. annually, and in

another decade will amount to twenty-

five per cent. of the assessed valuation of

the property.

Mr. Porter then read a table showing

that the total State indebtedness of the

United States is \$363,170,976, while the

municipal indebtedness of one hundred

and thirty cities is upward of \$275,000,-

000 more than the entire State debt.

State debts then are distributed about

as follows: Western States, \$2.80 per

capita; Eastern States, \$8 per capita;

and Southern States \$22 per capita.

## A Turkish Lady Unveiled.

The following extract is from a letter written by the captain of a Maine brig now loading in Smyrna, Turkey: "Speaking of Turks makes me think to tell you that I have been highly honored since I have been here, having had as a visitor a Turkish lady of high rank—something that never happened before in Smyrna, so the consignee informs me. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and wonderfully graceful.

I suppose you are aware that the Turkish ladies are always veiled to all except their husbands, if they have any; but this lady was unmarried, and came on board accompanied by the consignee of my vessel, with his wife and sisters and a small army of assistants. She kept closely veiled while she remained on deck, but when resting in the cabin a photograph of my little girl was handed to her. She, in order to observe it better, dropped her veil, and thus remained during the short time of her visit.

She was just like all handsome women, perfectly aware of the fact, and evidently willing that others should be, when out of sight of her own people. She was perfectly at ease, and just before leaving recovered her face with her veil, and assumed that mysterious look and appearance common to all Turkish women."

## Hector's Conundrum.

# Arlington Advocate

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C. S. PARKER.

OFFICE

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ARLINGTON, JAN. 19, 1878.

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## THREE WELCOMED.

If the unanimity with which the call from the Arlington Orthodox church was extended was gratifying to Rev. Mr. Merrill, his reception by them as their pastor must be even more so. Church, Sunday school and society have vied with each other in giving expression to their hearty welcome. Perhaps the most pleasing of all, because so informal, was the gathering in the church vestry, last Wednesday evening, the occasion being the "reception of Rev. J. Lewis Merrill and family by the Orthodox church and society."

In accordance with the notice, tea was served at seven o'clock, at which hour the vestry, was well filled, and after this had been disposed of, and a hymn of welcome sang by the company, led by the choir, Mr. E. O. Grover, principal of Russell Grammar School, stepped forward, and gave expression to the feelings of the people in one of the most neatly worded and fitly chosen little speeches we ever heard on such an occasion, and its appreciation by the audience was testified by frequent and hearty applause. Mr. Merrill's reply was apt, pleasant, and brief. Miss V. Cutting, soprano of the church, then favored the audience with a solo, sang with fine effect, and the formal services were over; but the pleasures of the evening were by no means ended, as an hour or more was spent in the most social and pleasant manner, and the occasion will long be remembered with pleasure.

## WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

A festive gathering, long to be remembered by those participating as one of the pleasantest and most successful of its kind, was that which met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Hight, Lewis Avenue, last Tuesday evening, it being the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Under cover of darkness about forty ladies and gentlemen, bearing burdens of choice eatables and various vessels and utensils, made of the precious metal from the mines of Cornwall, assembled with all due secrecy at the house of a near neighbor, who was, we know, one of the leading spirits in the scheme. The order to advance was given about half-past seven, and an overwhelming charge was made upon the "Hights," they being literally "taken by surprise and carried by storm." The kitchen was unceremoniously invaded by the Commissary Department of the assaulting forces, which at a later hour contributed largely to the rational enjoyment of the evening. After the interchange of friendly greetings an entertainment, under the direction of Miss Alice Metcalf, consisting of music, tableau and recitations, was given in an admirable manner, reflecting much credit upon the performers, who were warmly applauded. During an interval in the festivities, Mr. George H. Rugg addressed the happily surprised couple, congratulating them in behalf of the assembled company. The response of Mr. Hight was the speech of the evening, and fully sustained his reputation as an orator. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation of a large and elegant seal ring to Mrs. Hight, and a superb bosom pin, studded with brilliants, to Mr. Hight, both of which will be lasting souvenirs of the anniversary. The evening quickly passed, full of surprises and enjoyment to all concerned, and as the company reluctantly separated, the general expression was one of complete satisfaction.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.—Rev. C. H. Spalding and wife met with a genuine surprise, last Tuesday evening. They were invited to tea with the family of Rev. Mr. Nordell, and about half past seven o'clock were summoned home to find their residence entirely illuminated, and filled to overflowing with their parishioners, who had called to congratulate them upon the tenth anniversary of their wedding. Their dining-room table was loaded with valuable presents suggested by the occasion. Mr. Warren Rawson approached the pastor, and in a few kind words, emptied upon the table a dish of new silver dollars, nearly one hundred in number. There were other presents in cash beside. Mr. Spalding was thrown completely off his guard, as was manifest in the exceeding embarrassment of his response, which was given in choked utterances. The evening passed delightfully. The completeness of the surprise was one of its chief enjoyments to the friends; but to the pastor and family, the fact that they were so kindly remembered by their people, was their greatest satisfaction.

We believe a strong evidence that the "hardness" of the times is past, is to be found in the round of enjoyment that have almost crowded upon each other in our societies and churches, since the new year began, and hail them with pleasure.

Gold seems inclined to "resume" its old position on par with paper, of its own accord, having touched 14 on Wednesday. How about silver.

The regular meeting of the Arlington W. C. T. Union will be held next Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

A little early this week on account of work.

## W. C. T. UNION.

At the regular meeting of the Arlington W. C. T. Union, last Tuesday afternoon, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

President, — Mrs. Edward D. Brooks. Vice-Presidents, — Mrs. George H. Rugg, Mrs. James Cutler.

Secretary, — Mrs. Anna W. Freeman. Treasurer, — Mrs. W. Trow.

Executive Committee, — Mrs. John Field, Mrs. R. J. Hardy, Mrs. George C. Whittemore, Mrs. John H. Hartwell, Mrs. H. B. Mitchell, Mrs. A. J. Tillison, Mrs. David P. Green.

We are pleased to learn that with this organization, as with the Reform Club, interest in the cause in which they are engaged is not in the least diminished; that the membership is increasing; and that each and every call upon the sympathy or benevolence meets with ready response.

The winter has been, and will continue to be, a hard one for many in our midst, and it will not be strange if there are cases of suffering, from want; for those most deserving of assistance are very often the last to seek aid and relief. Many of these men are connected with no church, and it is the province of this organization to seek out such, and render all needed assistance, and we know the feeling among them all, is that no pains shall be spared to prevent every one of the many reclaimed men in our town, who may be thus situated, from returning to their old courses through the discouragements of their hard lots.

There are, we doubt not, many benevolent and large hearted ladies in town who would be glad to work for the benefit of others, if they only knew how and where, and we have thought best, all unsolicited, to extend the invitation to all such to join the union. Its unsectarian character; the means for obtaining information on these points, and the natural tendency of reformed men, knowing its objects, to look to such an organization for aid, makes it, we believe, the most perfect of any similar society yet formed.

We are sure we can speak for all such a hearty welcome to the Union, and are equally confident that they will never regret having made the sacrifice necessary.

## BUSY LIFE ENDED.

We were pained to learn by the Boston papers of Tuesday morning, of the death of Mr. Edgar Marchant, publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette*, at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. Having for some time been in his employ, and known him intimately, we came to cherish for him a high respect, and we offer to his bereaved family our sympathy in their affliction. From the *Boston Herald*, of Jan. 16, we clip the following in regard to Mr. M.:—

At the age of 21 he commenced business as one of the proprietors of the Gloucester *Telegraph*. He afterwards removed to Boston, and purchased an interest in the *Traveller*. In 1842 he severed his connection with that paper and started the *Daily Circular*, which, after a short run, failed, and caused the loss of all his property. He then removed to New York, and for a number of years labored in various capacities upon the journals of that city. In 1856 he went to Edgartown, this State, and founded the *Vineyard Gazette*, which he carried on for seventeen years. After disposing of his interest in that he removed to Salem, where, in 1863, he started a weekly Democratic paper, the *Essex Statesman*. He soon after this went to Woburn, and bought out the *Middlesex Journal* and the *Woburn Budget*, which he consolidated, and ran for four years under the former title. After selling out this paper he bought the *Abington Standard*, which, in its turn, he sold, and bought back the *Middlesex Journal*, and changed its name to the *Woburn Journal*, which he ran for some time. After disposing of this paper he, in partnership with Mark Allen, founded the *Vineyard Gazette*, Oct. 1, 1872, and ran it for five years, when, his health failing, he sold it to his nephew, Edgar W. Marchant. This was virtually the end of his journalistic career. It is said that every paper he purchased, with the exception of the *Gazette*, was on its last legs, and that he always succeeded in building them up and making them a success. In 1862 he was unanimously elected to the State Legislature from Dukes county.

The veteran editor of the Springfield *Republican* died last Wednesday night, in the eighty-first year of his age. For several years the condition of his health has given cause for anxiety to those of his immediate household, and his intimate friends have long entertained fears that his days would not be prolonged. He maintained active connection with his paper until the recent State election was decided, when his nervous system yielded to the undue strain which it had met. Mr. Bowles was forced to take his bed, where it was hoped he would find through rest, that restoration to partial health which would at least enable him to shape the policy of the paper if he could not contribute largely to its columns. His disease, however, took an unfavorable turn, and for weeks he has lingered on the threshold of death. At times during the past few weeks faint hopes were entertained by his friends that he might recover, but for several days it has been apparent that he could not hold out much longer in the unequal struggle. He suffered little, and was quiet in mind during the day preceding his death, and was conscious until nearly the last.

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## OUR NEW ART SCHOOL.

BY ONE OF THE PUPILS.

[Written for the Hancock Literary Association, Lexington.]

We cannot but see and feel the awakened, or rather created, interest in art, which has sprung up in our country within the last few years. Certainly, the Centennial did much to spread that interest; still it had already made its appearance in limited art circles, among people of travel and aesthetic tastes, but now the beauties of the creative art and manufactures exhibited at the Great Exhibition in Philadelphia, have spread that taste in, and desire for the beautiful, that was before unawakened among our essentially thrifty, hard working people.

The Art Schools which have sprung into existence in many of our cities, may or may not owe their first impulse to that exhibition. The one now established in Boston was talked of, and worked for, a long time before the Centennial, although last January saw the opening of the school.

A life in an Art School is so unlike anything else, so full of thoughts utterly apart from the hurrying, busy world outside, you must come in with us to have an idea of what, even in this young school, is being done for the culture of our people and the training of professional artists.

The Museum of Fine Arts in the beautiful building on Huntington avenue, has kindly given six rooms for the use of the school. They are situated in the basement, below the Sculpture galleries, but we enter by the main entrance.

The school is under the charge of Mr. Grundmann, an artist from the Antwerp School. Mr. Dengler, the sculptor, and Mr. Champney, the artist, are the assistant teachers, while Dr. Rimmer lectures on Anatomy at the Institute of Technology, in connection with the school.

Here, in this beautiful building, so full of lovely pictures, old china, curious Japanese wares, embroideries, laces, and everything that makes a museum interesting and instructive, come every morning, at the early hour of nine, about 125 ladies and gentlemen, with a love for art and an earnest purpose to learn. Along the windy avenue they hasten into the building, down the stairway, registering their names on the bulletin-board, and on Monday morning reading from a poster fastened on the doors of the different rooms, the name of each pupil, and his or her work to be done during the week.

For a few moments there is a rushing through the long entries, the gentlemen getting their materials and the ladies putting on their long working aprons; soon all is silence.

Just peep into the rooms. They are small, and full of students, sitting on high stools or low ones, with their easels before them, hard at work, either copying the cast of some muscular arm, or leg, or charming Greek hero, or the busts of the strong old Roman Emperors; while in two other rooms, pupils are modeling in clay, from plaster casts of the different features of the face. One may have a colossal nose, and his neighbor, a lovely little baby hand, so tender in its little lifelike form. Further on is the life-room,—the most interesting of all. Here also you find silence reigns, and an earnest, devoted look on every face as they gaze from their work to the living model who sits on a raised platform facing the semi-circle of pupils. These models are mostly Italian men or women, in their own simple clothes, for we are as yet only trying to draw and paint the heads, and do not attempt anything too comprehensive.

One pupil has charge of the model for a week, posing him and seeing that he rests every half hour; the well known phrase, "The model rests," seems to come only too often, so interested and wrapt are we in our work.

Often our sympathies are enlisted in these models, and our thoughts carried from our life, so full of pleasant work and bright hopes, to their weary struggle for the trifling pittance they earn to supply their daily food.

On Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock, the janitor announces our recess, and while the rooms are being aired we gather in groups in the lunch room, at the end of the entry, and discuss our work or wander about the Museum, seeing the new pictures, or looking with a woman's loving eye on the lovely Japanese tea-cups, brought home by Mr. Burlingame, now in the Loan collection; but another time we may speak of what is above, in these galleries, over our busy world on the "ground floor."

Saturday the pupils give in to the clerk their week's work, whether finished or not, as each week we have a new object given to every student. On Monday a memory drawing is required of the previous week's work, and on Tuesday and Thursday many of us take our dinner about one o'clock, at the end of the entry, relating the incidents and accidents of our morning, and, as you can imagine, among a hundred people, many things are said and done which are really funny, often witty.

After our informal meal we can be seen hastening over to the Institute of Technology, to attend Dr. Rimmer's lectures, and here every student is

obliged to draw upon the blackboard, thereby putting immediately into practice all he is learning from the lectures. Curious the drawings are at first, but you would be surprised to see the rapid improvement made by some of the pupils. Imagine sixty students, each drawing eyes upon the blackboard which surrounds the hall; it looks a trifling weird as the afternoon light fades away, and we, in departing, glance back and see a great room full of eyes staring at us.

Weary we are, sometimes, from this close attention to work, but every day the ambition to improve, and the real love of art nerves the student to fresh work, and we appear each morning bright with hope.

A school such as this cannot fail to improve the taste in, and create a love of the beautiful, if it does not develop artists, which we believe it certainly will.

Earnest devotion to any object, and a pure love for that object, will ensure success.

S. W.

LECTURE COURSE.—The next who will appear before the people who attend the Bethel Lodge Course will be Rev. A. A. Willets, D. D., of Philadelphia, on the evening of Tuesday, January 22. His subject will be "Sunshine; or, the Secret of a happy Life." In regard to this lecture, Rev. Dr. Talmage writes to the Philadelphia *Press*:

"Any one might well have been flattened by the reception given on Monday evening to Dr. Willets, at the corner of Broad and Arch. The people of Philadelphia long ago understood that what this lecturer does he does well. His subject, 'The Model Wife,' was treated with a vividness that no one could yield who had not a living illustration in his own home. His celebrated lecture entitled, 'Sunshine' may have in it more uproarious fun, but we commend this for its more surpassing beauty, while at the same time it is fully enough facetious for any one not endowed with waistcoat nor supernaturally strong. Without any of the cant or conventionalities or nasal twang with which many of our public speakers are afflicted, he advanced with a style that was logical without being dry, poetical without being insipid, humorous without being silly, bold without being rash, pure without being finical. We all came away filled with good-humor and a resolution more highly to appreciate our homes. Indeed, it is a great deal better to jolt down moral reflections with a good laugh than to take them in didactic portions. Long live Dr. Willets, the entertaining lecturer and the genial man!"

Dr. Lambert, of Life Insurance notoriety, recently sentenced to five years' imprisonment in State Prison for forgery. When the usual question was put to him, what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he responded in a speech of nearly two hours' length, elaborately defending his whole crime. It was an amazing exhibition of brazen effrontery and moral callousness such as is not often witnessed. The gist of his remarks was that there was nothing wrong in his swearing to the truth of false statements as to the affairs of the corporation of which he was President, and that if there were, every President of a Life Insurance Company was equally guilty with himself. Recent disclosures give only too much color to his assertion, but let us hope that the case is not quite so bad as he states it.

THE CHURCHES.

Rev. J. Lewis Merrill will occupy the pulpit at the Orthodox church, next Sabbath.

Rev. F. B. Hornbrook, of Weston, Mass., will preach at the Unitarian church, morning and evening, 20th inst.

Subject of sermon at Universalist church, Sunday morning, "The Universalist doctrine of Hell." Lecture room talk in the vestry at 7 P.M., subject, "Religion in the Home." Meetings in the vestry on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Addresses by the pastor and neighboring clergymen. All are invited.

St. John's church. Sunday School at 2.45 P.M. Afternoon church at 3.30. Evening service at 7.30. The morning service will be omitted until further notice.

Rev. C. H. Spalding will preach at the Baptist church, next Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock, on "Jehosaphat; or, the Power of an Uplifting Life." Sunday School Concert in the evening at 6.30 o'clock.

The third entertainment furnished by the committee of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter, Tuesday evening last, was the most fully attended, and decidedly the best. It was wholly musical, but the variety made it exceedingly pleasing. Mr. Geo. L. Cheeney is a humorist in the highest sense, Mr. James W. Cheeney is a fine performer on the piano, and Miss Adams proved herself a soprano soloist of merit. The evening closed with the usual dancing party.

We announced last week that a sociable would be held in the rooms of the Arlington Reform Club, last Tuesday evening. It was held, but owing to the very large number of its friends engaged in other amusements, it was not a great success, we are sorry to say. The time was when the Reform Club was one of the first considerations. We trust the interest is not wholly gone.

The sudden and severe changes experienced during the month of January have been very trying, and are doubtless the cause of the large amount of sickness prevailing at present.

## [Correspondence.]

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1878.

The break in the routine of Department work caused by the holidays has closed, and business again assumes its wonted channels. Receptions do not commence here until after Christmas, and the long pent-up restraint of belles and beaux makes everybody now on the *qui vive* for Germans, kettledrums, tea-parties and balls, and, until Lent, everything will be drawn into the festive whirlpool of gaiety and fashion. One of the leaders in fashionable circles is Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, a daughter of the late Chief Justice, and wife of ex-Senator Sprague. She has for years held the undisputed title of the most beautiful woman at the capital. Here, where she is best known, the romance of her life is oft told. She was a reckless, ambitious girl, and the ideal and bold purpose of her life was to have her father President. Just before the nomination, in 1860, she (as the matron of her father's house, although but eighteen), gave a grand party, and used her most fascinating endeavors in presenting the claims of her father; but, of course, the work was idle. She has lately returned from Europe, and this winter will reside at Edgewood, her father's old mansion, about two miles from the city.

Donn Piatt, of the *Sunday Capital*, has postponed the execution of his suggestion made on inauguration day, last March, that President Hayes should be assassinated if he attempted to take his seat. He was present as an invited guest at the Silver Wedding of the President, the other evening. Verily, the lamb and the lion have laid down together. Coffee, not pistols, for two.

Alonzo Bell, Asst. Secretary of the Interior, is to lecture here in a few days on "Human Possibilities." Most everybody asks whether any one ever thought, before his appointment, that it was a human possibility for him to gain so high a position.

Gov. Packard having failed to get satisfaction out of the Administration, has accepted the hospitality of the White House. He is bound to make the price of his hotel bill, if nothing else, out of the Government.

The "Louise House," named after and built as a memorial of an only daughter, by W. W. Corcoran, of this city, for the reception of aged and infirm ladies, was the scene of a brilliant reception on his seventy-ninth birthday. This institution, and the Art Gallery, are examples of the wisdom of men of wealth becoming their own executors in making effectual their philanthropic desires.

There is to be a sale at auction, at an early date, of the abandoned and unclaimed exhibits of the Centennial Exposition. These exhibits were admitted by special arrangements without payment of duties, a bond being given for payment when the goods were sold. In many cases the duties would be greater than the market price of the goods now, and the owners prefer to permit them to be sold and the proceeds go into the Treasury. There will be three sales: one of show-cases, heavy machinery, and bulky goods which have never been removed, to take place at the Main Exposition Building; one

mittee by stating he should confine himself to two propositions, or questions, first: "Can the Legislature pass the bill prayed for?" second, "Ought the Legislature to pass the bill, provided it has the right?" Under the first proposition he went over the history of the legal contests thus far, and cited the decision of the Supreme Court, in this and other cases, from which he concluded that the legislature could not pass the bill without coming in collision with the Supreme Court, contrary to the Constitution. The other proposition was maintained on the ground that the original act of the Legislature contains all the powers and provisions necessary to carry out, in a legal manner, the drainage and improvement sought; that the legislation asked for would also tend to increase litigation, and for this reason especially ought not to pass.

The committee gave a patient and attentive hearing, and then took the somewhat voluminous documentary evidence, reserving their decision.

**VACATION COMING.** — The public schools of the town of Lexington close next Friday, 25th inst., to begin again on Monday, February 4th. We are indebted to the School Committee for the following dates of the examinations of the schools: —

Jan. 21.—Howard School, forenoon; Franklin School, afternoon.

Jan. 22.—Bowditch School, forenoon; Warren School, afternoon.

Jan. 23.—Adams Primary, forenoon; Adams Grammar, afternoon.

Jan. 24.—Hancock Primary and Intermediate, forenoon; Hancock Grammar (both Schools), afternoon.

Jan. 25.—High School.

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Thursday morning the horses attached to a heavy team belonging to Mr. George F. Chapman, left standing in front of the Post Office, were frightened by Jackson Bros. team, and started to run, but one wheel was caught against the iron hitching post, and brought the horses to a stand still. The post does not look as well as it did.

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**Marriages.**

In Arlington, Jan. 16, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Ass Brooks, by Rev. L. F. Waterhouse, of Belmont, Mr. George L. Brooks, and Miss Annie M. Brooks, both of Arlington.

**Deaths.**

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 16, Florence E., daughter of Edward C. and Adelaide Tower, aged 4 months.

In Arlington, Jan. 15, Mrs. Roxa, wife of Alfred Brooks, aged 38 years, 5 months, 16 days.

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UPHOLSTERER,  
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Furniture Repairer & Polisher,  
SCHOULER CT., ARLINGTON.**  
Furniture and Bedding Steamed, destroying all moths. Jobbing of all kinds neatly executed.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHES UPHOLSTERED, CARPET AND CURTAIN WORK, CANE CHAIRS RESEATED, MATTRESSES MADE OVER AND STEAMED.

Ordered work a specialty, at LOWEST PRICES.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.

Order Box, Post Office, Arlington.

July 19-20.

Rooms in Bank Building.

June 30-41.

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Arlington Avenue.**

Arlington, Jan. 19-20-21.

E. E. UPHAM,

Dealer in

Beef, Pork, Ham, Tripe, Lard,

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE.

Vegetables, Fruit, &c.,

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**GEO. M. LITCHFIELD, Agent.**

Office in Lexington, L. A. Saville's store; Boston Offices, 75 Kilby street, 34 Court Square, and 15 Devonshire Street.

Leave Lexington at 7.00, 9.15, a. m.; 1:00, p. m. Leave Boston at 11:00, a. m.; 2:00 and 4:30, p. m.

Trunks carried to and from the depot to all trains.

Orders for Jobbing will receive prompt attention.

Lexington, April 28, 1877.

**HADLEY'S LEXINGTON, EAST LEXINGTON AND BOSTON DAILY EXPRESS.**

Offices, 8 and 33 Court Square, Box 42 Quincy Market, Boston.

Box at F. R. Willis' store, Lexington, and at A. Childs' and R. W. Holbrook, East Lexington.

Leave Lexington at 7 o'clock, a. m.

Leave offices in Boston at 1 o'clock, p. m.

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

S. T. HADLEY. A. T. HADLEY.

Lexington, Sept. 30, 1876.—ly

**ASA COTTRELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**

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25 Tremont Row, Boston.

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Jan. 15-16

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